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Reflections on Solitude.

IT has generally been admitted, I think, that man was not made for Solitude, Gen. ii. 18. "It is not good that man should be alone," &c. and yet nothing is more evident, than that some of his finest feelings are derived from that source. As this life is necessarily a fluctuating scene, it seems wisely ordained by Providence, that our pleasures should bear some proportion to the nature of our condition; and that what we cannot fix, we should be not only ready, but even pleased to exchange. This disposition to variety, which, at first, appears so hostile to Solitude, is, in truth, the direct road to the enjoyment of it. Having, in vain, solicited the world for real gratification, we next explore the pleasures of retirement. Dr. Zimmerman has elaborately described the effects of solitude; but, with all submission, I think he has exhausted the subject; for the mind will not bear to dwell too long on abstract propositions, and a frequent recurrence of the same ideas. Even solitude itself, with all its charms, would shortly cease to please, were not our attention occasionally arrested by the *various* beauties of nature and of art, by which we are every where surrounded, in civilized countries. The rude uncultivated forest—the opening blossom—the verdant field, intermingled with monuments of human art, are requisite to delight the mind in solitude,

"Towers and battlements it sees
"Bosom'd high in tufted trees."

It has been well observed, that none but cultivated and liberal minds, that have previously enjoyed the advantages of society, are capable of tasting the pleasures of occasional retirement from it. Deprive an American savage of the chace, tho' you better his condition; or an European peasant of his manual occupation; and with them you convert the most delicious solitude into a frightful desart.

They, who to a cultivated and elegant understanding add a just relish for retirement, possess a constant source of rational delight, of which it is not in the power of others to deprive them.—Such a condition of mind, confers a kind of honourable independence, in the midst of the narrowest circumstances of fortune.—But of all the enjoyments of solitude, those which have for their object the contemplation of Nature and of intellect, are the most durable and sincere; since they enlarge the soul at the same time they delight it; and, while they teach it to admire the harmony of this world, they raise it to the expectation of a better.

Reflection is an operation of the mind, almost inseparable from solitude. As contemplation enables us to enjoy the pleasures of *futurity in advance*, so does reflection those of past days, by a kind of renovation of delight. There is, indeed, something bewitchingly captivating in the retrospect of past scenes of pleasure, where they are associated with ideas of innocence, and cheerful spirits. If the principal actors in such scenes have been endeared to us by friendship, consanguinity, or early habits, and are now *no more*, the recollection comes tinctured with a soft, soothing melancholy; a mixture of pleasure and pain, that I should in vain endeavour to describe. Nearly allied to those feelings, are the sensations we experience, in the remembrance of our native country; from which we have been long *estranged* without any immediate prospect of return. The Psalmist describes, with touching simplicity, the effect of this recollection on the children of Israel, groaning in a distant land: "By the waters of Babylon we sat down, and *wept*, when we remembered thee, O Sion!

But of the various subjects of contemplation which the soul, when it turns its powers in upon itself, is enabled to pursue, there are none more congenial to its nature, or more exquisitely delicate, than those which relate to religion, and a future state. This species of investigation gives a fine temperament to the mind, consisting of fortitude and tenderness. I have always considered it as a very affecting scene, described in the 20th chapter of the Acts of Apostles, where Paul, after having preached to the Militians, knelt down and prayed with them, is accompanied to the ship by the whole body of his auditors, "*weeping* and hanging upon his neck, and sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more." To the same religious origin must also be attributed, the pleasure the mind receives from the inspection of Epitaphs or tomb-stones; or a solitary ramble in a gloomy Cathedral,

"Were awful arches make a noon-day night,
"And the dim window shed a solemn light."

We here learn to contemplate with reverence the termination of all earthly grandeur. It occurs to us, that the tenants of these awful mansions were once men, "of like passions" as ourselves; that they were agitated with the same hopes and fears; pursued the same designs, and experienced the same result. For my own share, I derive no inconsiderable pleasure from the expressions so common in the Epitaphs of antiquity,—"Sit terra levis."—"Violas raperge viator."—Qui fles talia, nil fleas viator," &c. Although the custom to which they allude may not be in strict conformity with the rights of christain sepulture, yet there is something affectionate and classically elegant in the ideas they excite. How dignified and tender is this sentiment of Ovid, uttered in his banishment! though coming from the mouth of a heathen poet, it would not disgrace a Christian martyr,

"*Si quid habent igitur vatum præsagia veri;*
"*Prontinus ut moriar, non ero, terra, tuus.*"

Religion is so grateful to the human breast, that we are pleased even with parts of it. An Abbey, or religious house in ruins, an

oratory, or a well famous for the miracles of some departed saint, infuse a pleasing train, of reflections: and, though we regret the errors o the founder, we cannot but admire his liberality. Where shall we see this splendid superstition more forcibly displayed, than in Mr. Pope's Eloisa? or where shall we experience more tender and sublime ideas than the conclusion of that charming work is calculated to inspire? How beautifully does Eloisa describe her unfortunate passion for Abelard, the founder of the oratory! How feelingly does she speculate with respect to its probable consequences upon the minds of future lovers! Indeed, so brilliant is the painting of the poet, that we may almost fancy we behold the mouldering walls of Peraclete in the fertile province of Campagne, still venerable for the passion of these illustrious characters.

"If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings,
To Paraclete's white walls and silver rings,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tear each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
O! may we never love as these have lov'd."

And immediately after describing the awful effects of religious worship, combined with the appropriate powers of music, the Poet adds,

"Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie," &c.

I think this is the *ne plus ultra* of eloquence. Words cannot do more to excite the feelings of the soul. In the language of another celebrated bard, the Poet here

"Keeps the passions with the sound in play,
And the soul trembles with the trembling key."

[*Lon. Mag.*]

EXTRACT FROM PARK's TRAVELS.

July 1st, 1797.—This afternoon, as I was tending my horse in the fields, Ali's chief slave, and four Moors arrived at Queira, and took up their lodgings at the Dooty house. My interpreter, Johnson, who suspected the nature of this visit, sent two boys to overhear their conversation; from which he learnt that they were sent to convey me back to Bubaker. The same evening two of the Moors came privately to look at my horse, and one of them proposed taking it to the Dooty's hut, but the other observed that such a precaution was unnecessary, as I could never escape upon such an animal. They then enquired where I slept, and returned to their companions.

All this was like a stroke of thunder to me, for I dreaded nothing so much as confinement again among the Moors, from whose barbarity I had nothing but death to expect. I therefore determined to set off immediately for Bambarra. I communicated my design to Johnson, who, altho' he applauded my resolution, was so far from shewing any inclination to accompany me, that he solemnly protested he would rather forfeit his wages, than go any further.

Having no hopes, therefore, of persuading him to accompany me, I resolved to proceed by myself.

About day-break, Johnson, who had been listening to the Moors all night, came and whispered to me that they were asleep. The awful crisis was now arrived, when I was again either to taste the blessing of freedom, or languish out my days in captivity. A cold sweat moistened my forehead, as I thought on the dreadful alternative, and reflected, that one way or the other, my fate must be decided in the course of the ensuing day. But, to deliberate, was to lose the only chance of escaping. So, taking up my bundle, I stepped gently over the Negroes, who were sleeping in the open air, and having mounted my horse, I bade Johnson farewel, desiring him to take particular care of the papers I had entrusted him with, and inform my friends in Gambia that he had left me in good health, on my way to Bambarra.

I proceeded with great caution; surveying each bush, and frequently looking behind me and expecting the Moorish horsemen, until I was about a mile from the town, when I was surprised to find myself in the neighbourhood of Korree belonging to the Moors. The shepherds followed me for about a mile, hooting and throwing stones after me; and when I was out of their reach, and had begun to indulge the pleasing hopes of escaping, I was again greatly alarmed to hear somebody holla behind me; and looking back, I saw three Moors on horseback coming after me in full speed, hooping and brandishing their double barrelled guns. I knew it was in vain to think of escaping, and therefore turned back and met them; when two of them caught hold of my bridle, one on each side, and the third presenting his musket, told me I must go back to Ali.—An indifference about life, and all its enjoyments had completely benumbed my faculties, and I rode back with the Moors with apparent unconcern. But a change took place much sooner than I had any reason to expect. In passing through some thick bushes, one of the Moors ordered me to untie my bundle, and shew them the contents. Having examined the different articles, they found nothing worth taking, except my cloak, which they considered as a very valuable acquisition, and one of them, pulling it from me, wrapped it about himself. This cloak had been of great service to me; it served to cover me from the rains in the day, and to protect me from the musketoes in the night; I therefore earnestly begged him to return it. When I attempted to follow them, one of them struck my horse over the head, and, presenting his musket, told me, I should proceed no further. I now perceived that these men had not been sent by any authority to apprehend me, but had pursued me solely in the view to rob and plunder me. Turning my horse's head therefore once more towards the east, and observing the Moor following the track of his confederates, I congratulated myself on having escaped with my life, though in great distress, from such a horde of barbarians.

Authentic Narrative of the extraordinary Sufferings and Preservation of Mrs. ELIZABETH WOODCOCK; who, after being buried in the snow eight days and nights, was taken up alive, in the full possession of her mental faculties.

[FROM A LONDON MAGAZINE.]

ON Saturday, Feb. 2, 1799, Elizabeth Woodcock, the wife of a cottager at Impington, was returning home, from Cambridge market, which was about three miles off. Being in the dusk, and darkness rendered yet more terrible from the severity of as stormy a night as has ever been experienced, (her horse breaking from her) she lost her way, and was buried under the snow, from the 21 to the 10th of the month, and after an interval of eight days and eight nights, was found alive, with every mental faculty unimpaired, but had lost the use of her feet, which appear to be in a state of mortification.

As it is a case which human nature has seldom experienced, and indeed which it may hardly by some be thought capable of sustaining, it is thought proper to give the public some of the particulars by a person who has seen the pit whence this unfortunate woman was extricated—who has had his information from the object of it herself (which she is quite capable of detailing) and who has had every other information on the subject, from the two gentlemen who first found her.

Let philosophy smile with pity or contempt on our weakness, yet the superintendence of a particular Providence, interfering by second causes, is so flattering to human nature, and so much needed even by the proud and self-sufficient stoic, that we cannot relinquish the darling privilege; but must keep it in sight from the beginning to the end of our narration.

On the Saturday night succeeding that on which Mrs. Woodcook was lost, a Mr. Mounsey, of the same villiage, had very strong impressions in a dream, that there was a hare under a certain hedge, buried in the snow. In his walk the following day, in passing within twenty yards of the fence, the circumstance occurred to him. A handkerchief, which the distressed recluse had thurst upwards thro' the surface, drew his eye to this particular spot. However, if it had not been for his providential suggestions concerning the hare, this signal might not have led to a very different and most happy discovery. For curiosity had been so

much awaked as to bring him near enough to perceive a small tunnel throw the snow, made by the breath, which revived in his mind his dream concerning the hare. And a sportsman will easily perceive the analogy, since he knows that when a hare is couched among the snow, there is always a opening to the surface for breathing. Prepossessed with this idea, he drew near with caution; and by that precaution he thought he distinguished the sighs of a person as in prayer. On which he beckoned to the son of Mr. Merrington, and a shepherd, who were fortunately near, but who, on the mention of the circumstance, discredited it; however, on his persisting that she was there, "and alive too!" they advanced, and were convinced; and immediately ran for Mr Merrington's father, who quickly attended with a cart, blankets, &c. and as they removed the snow, they perceived this unfortunate woman's head. She instantly recognised them, and snatching Mr. Merrington's hand in exstacy, would not quit her hold but with reluctance. On her intreating some nourishment, that gentleman gave her a piece of biscuit, and (with due precaution) only two tea-spoonfuls of brandy, when she exclaimed, "O! this comforts me;" but in removing her, she nearly fainted.

The account she gives of herself is so full of the simplicity of nature, and gratitude to that Providence, whom, she says, even in her bitterest moments she never distrusted, that it cannot be repeated without losing its effect. Her feelings, or rather her agonies, were indeed exquisite, when during the many searches that were made, she heard the trampling of human feet at no great distance, and even distinguished her husband's sympathising voice, without being able to express her situation! The duties of religion, that great and last resource! she says were her constant employment. For she was all resignation. She tells her listening friends, if it please her Maker to restore her, this scourge of affliction from Him shall influence her future conduct, exemplified in gratitude and praise. Having an almanac in her pocket, which she had bought at market, she consulted it to know when she was to have solace from the moonlight. She pulled of two rings from her fingers, and put them, and a one pound note into her nutmeg-grater: and says she frequently saw a beautiful white dove hovering round her.

Both the Sundays of her entombment she heard the bells of her village (which was only half a mile distant) calling her rustic friends to church. She, no doubt, would still congeal her icy mansion with a tear, at thinking she only could obey the solemn summons, when they chimed her to her grave. However, she terms her more than subterraneous dwelling, "a beautiful little ark;" and says moreover, that she was presently sensible to the cravings of appetite. This she gratified with eating the hardest morsels of snow she could get with the hand of which she still possessed the use. She thinks she could have lived only twenty-four hours longer; but of this, perhaps, she is no judge: for the snow not only befriended her in food, but kept out the fatal severity of the frost in what she gratefully calls, "the beautiful little ark."

MAN OF FORTY THOUSAND FRANKS.

The following is taken from a late French paper. "A Provincial footman put into the lottery of St. Sulpice, gained a prise of 40,000 livers, took leave of his master and came to Paris, not to place out his money to advantage, but to spend it. He hired a superb hotel, purchased horses and a carriage, clothed his numerous domestics in a livery, played high, and kept an excellent table. He was universally feasted and entertained; and every where in the best houses, nothing was talked of but the generous stranger. Stranger indeed! He was known by nobody.—Generous too, for he had his purse full of money, and paid every account that was presented to him; but so freely did he disburse and pay, that at the end of the year he had nothing left. At last he announced, that he would dine at home, and at two oclock precisely. Two o'clock strikes, dinner is served, no guest appears, He calls up his coachman, his lacquies, his cook, and his valet de chambre. He makes a signal to sit down at table with him. They are at first astonishsd, and then start difficulties in complying; he insists, they obey; they chat, and when the champaigne begins to establish familiarity, he says to them, "My comrades, you have thought me a great man, I am only a valet like yourselves. I gained a prize of 40,000 Franks; I have nothing more; I go to resume my livery.—Adieu!" This said, he got into a Diligence, and arrives at the house of his old master, who is delighted at seeing him again. "I expect to hear that you have laid out your money well," said he to him: "Very well; for I have eaten it!" —"Eaten it!"—"Yes; and that in the space of a year—I wished to see what was the life of a man who has forty thousand livres a year —I have done almost every thing they do—I have procured all their enjoyments!"—"Is it really so?"—"Really; there is nothing wonderful in that—behold me satisfied; I shall be so much the better if you will take me into your service,"—"Very willingly, if your experiment has cured you of the desire of riches."

DELICATE BENEVOLENCE.

Two young ladies of a distinguished family in the west of England, were lately so far reduced in life as to be obliged to take in needle-work and to labour for their subsistence. They had nothing left of their family estates and fortunes, but some wretched furniture, and an old picture of little value. The circumstance reaching the ear of a wealthy clergyman in the neighbourhood, who had received some favours from the family, he instantly repaired to the unfortunate females, and fearful of wounding their delicacy, said to them, with a smiling and affable air, "I am informed, ladies, that you have in your apartments here a most valuable picture. I see it, it is by the hand of a great master; and, if it be not too great a favour I would intreat you to part with it, for which I will settle an annuity of 50l. a year upon you, and it shall commence from this moment!"—The ladies were at once astonished and confounded; they knew not how to answer. He relieved them by putting down a fifty pound note on the table, at the same time assuring them, that if they sent the picture according to his direction, they should find he would keep his promise.

SORROW.

THE sharpest and most melting sorrow is that which arises from the loss of those whom we have loved with tenderness. But friendship between mortals can be contracted on no other terms, than that one must some time mourn for the other's death; and this grief will always yield to the survivor one consolation proportionate to his affliction; for the pain, whatever it be, that he himself feels, his friend has escaped.

Misfortunes of an Irish Volunteer Corps.

(FROM A CORK PAPER.)

AS soon as ever (says the captain,) the news arrived of the probability of our being called into actual service, a kind of general trepidation ran thro' the whole corps. However, as we thought it high time to leave the guarding of potatoes to the civil power, and to get as perfect as might be possible in real military tactics. I accordingly marched my men into the church-yard; but while I was busy in teaching them a number of new manœuvres, as how to receive the enemy's bayonet in the most fleshy part, &c. an old woman, who occasionally acts as sexton, had the insolence to lock us in, which afforded several spectators on the road high diversion, as they observed to one another, that we looked more like sheep in a pond than prisoners of war. We had no petards in our park to blow up the gate, and a man of my bulk could not think of getting over the palisades. However, just as I was about calling a council, to deliberate upon a general escalade, the old woman sent her daughter with a penny trumpet, bought at our fair, to offer us our liberty; and, as I thought it best, in such untoward circumstances, to capitulate, I paid her half-a-crown, and we accordingly marched out of the church-yard, with all the honours of war, colours flying, music playing, drums beating, &c. &c.

TRIFLES.

The tear of sensibility on the cheek of a beautiful woman, like the dew drop of heaven on its favorite rose, sheds new sweetness where all was sweet before.

—

He that determined ne'er to see an ass,
Must bar his door, and break his looking-glass.

—

Myrilla rising with the dawn,
Steals roses from the orient morn;
But when Myrilla sleeps till ten,
Aurora steals them back again.

POETRY.

HEALTH AND WISDOM.

COME roseate HEALTH, my temple bind
With thy celestial wreath;
And then, blest WISDOM on my mind
Thy choicest odours breathe.

As dearest friends together live,
Like them you pine apart;
Health gone, not Wisdom e'er can give,
Pure rapture to the heart.

If Wisdom fly the youthful breast,
Not smiling Health can gain
To it the cordial balm of rest,
A mind exempt from pain.

Come, then, twin daughters of the sky,
Here make your social stay;
The moment either from me fly,
Death, snatch my soul away!

EXTEMPORE LINES

TO THE AUTHOR'S WIFE.

HEAVEN's blessings on my dearest love!
O may she joys unvaried prove,
Thro' all the changes of the year!
Whether December's blast austere
Shake our lone cottage, as the blaze
Illumes its walls with cheering rays;
Or whether May's delicious green,
Soften the little garden-scene;
Or fervid August, 'mid the bower,
Cool, with its fruits, the roseate hour;
Or, calm we pass, afar from strife,
The October of a private life;
Or yet our quiet we retain,
When wintry storms come round again!

ODE TO HARMONY.

WHEN music with th' inspiring bowl,
Shall cease to fill th' harmonic soul;
When at the festive board disguis'd
Like Prudence, cold Reserve shall sit,
And Caution's moral laws be priz'd
By far above the bursts of Wit:—
When manners thus deprav'd we see,
Farewell, sweet Harmony! to thee.

But while the soft enchanting strains
Of heavenly music thrill the veins!
While merry Catch and Glee preside,
And Wit with Attic Fire is stor'd;
While these with social mirth shall glide
The pleasures of our festive board:
Then here we frolic, frank and free;
All hail, sweet Harmony! to thee.

IMPROMPTU ANSWER TO A CARD,

WHEREIN THE AUTHOR'S OPINION WAS REQUESTED ON THE WORDS, "HOW TO LIVE."

TO know how to live—is to live at your ease,
With wine of the best—and companions who please:
To this, early rising, with exercise, air,
Will keep you for years in the best of repair,
And as for the world—their censures or jeers,
Too often they set the best friends by the ears,
So let them alone—keep the wolf from the door,
With something to give now and then to the poor;
Will teach you that knowledge you ask me to give,
And be your best practice to know—how to Live.

SONNET.

O might I live retir'd, serene,
Far from each noisy, bustling scene;
My cottage in some peaceful vale,
Where health is borne on ev'ry gale:
There, free from envy, care and strife,
(Let social joys but intervene)
'Till time's smile told her tale.
From when the Lark the morn shall hail,
Admiring Nature, I would rove,
By stream, on hill, in dale, or grove;
And oft, to charm the vacant hour,
And constancy to Delia prove,
In heart-felt verse would tell my love,
Not think of titles, wealth or power.

QUESTION

FOR THE REPOSITORY.

One ev'ning I sat with my wife,
Conversing to pass away time;
She ask'd me to set her a sum;
I compos'd her the following rhyme:
'Twas last year the age of my wife
Was in proportion to mine;
Exactly as five and six ninths
Is in proportion to nine:
But this year her age is to mine;
As two and four sevenths to four:
Now if you'll our ages define,
Of you I'll desire no more. K.

Anecdotes.

RUSSIAN REVENGE.

Some of the young nobility, who served about the person of Peter the Great, as a sort of military chamberlains, had been playing some pranks on a midnight ramble, which came to Peter's ears, in form of complaint, and at which he was much enraged against the perpetrators, though unable for some time to discover their names.

His chaplain was suspected by the young offenders, to have removed this obstacle to their punishment, which followed very quickly the discovery, in a shower of blows from his dubeen or cudgel. They were therefore resolved to revenge themselves on the officious parson, whose decided taste for good brandy, soon furnished them an opportunity of doing. Whilst one party of them was carousing with the devoted priest, and treating him with large cups of his favorite liquor below stairs, another was piling up all the furniture of his apartment, *immediately over Peter's bed-chamber*, on a round table in the middle of the room, on which they placed his looking-glass, and to crown the pyramid, a large bowl of punch. To this new species of Tower of Babel, they fastened a string thro' a hole in the adjoining room, where one of the actors was stationed to pull it upon a pre-concerted signal.

The parson, full of brandy and glee, was conducted with some difficulty up to his apartment by his bountiful hosts, who had rather overdone the business, so that on blowing out the light just as he reached his door, their plot was almost rendered unnecessary by the violence with which he measured his length on the floor. This was the signal for pulling the string, and down came the whole table edifice, with such a noise as made the emperor start from his couch, and run up stairs with his dubeen, to correct the young dogs, who were suspected of the cause. But what was his astonishment, when he found them all lying apparently asleep in their beds, and the parson dead drunk on the floor of his room, swimming in punch, with all his furniture scattered about him, even to the looking-glass, which was shattered to pieces. The application of his dubeen brought him in some degree to his senses but not so far as to account to Peter for the general wreck, and the sea of punch. Indeed, the poor man was nearly as much astonished as the emperor, and long took it for a trick of his old enemy Satan, for the many pulpit phillippics he had uttered against that rebel.

QUAKERISM.

There formerly lived a Mr. John Church, at the sign of the Six Bells, in Friday-street, London, to whom a precise Quaker thus addressed an epistle.—"John Steeplehouse, at the sign of the Six Needlesses, in Sixth-day-street, London."

SPORTING WITH THE APPETITE AND FEELINGS OF A RELATION.

Previous to the French Revolution, a person had become the Intendant of a province, and acquired considerable wealth, a fine house in Paris, &c.—This circumstance so strongly excited the emulation of one of his country cousins, that persuading himself his uncle would at least do something handsome for him, resolved, tho' in the midst of winter, to pay him a visit at the capital.—To be the better received, he contrived to announce his intention of coming to town.

Accordingly, arriving late in the evening at the house of his uncle, he was admitted by the servants, and informed that the Intendant could not be seen that night: but being told that supper was ordered for him, and that he must of necessity sup alone, instead of good bread and cheese, or bacon, which the countryman would have preferred, he was presented with a dish of chocolate and a solitary biscuit; and being shewn his bed in a closet upon the same floor, he was left to his repose. Sleeping in a down bed, and probably weary over night, it is not surprising he should sleep till 9 the next morning; and his bed being placed in a kind of recess or closet, seeing no light, he naturally supposed it was not day, and therefore took another nap till about noon; but not then hearing any stir in the house, tho' he was rather disconcerted, he did not attempt to knock, or call any of the servants till evening; when one of them, who was in the secret, making his appearance, about half dressed, and with a candle in his hand—in a tone of affected surprise, asked him what he wanted? "To get up, an' you please," was the answer. "What!" replied the domestic, "do you want to alarm the whole house? why there is nobody stirring yet—it is not above one o'clock in the morning." Then leaving the new guest, tho' not able to compose himself, he retained his impatience till midnight; when, knocking again, another servant made his appearance, with a bottle of water in one hand, and a light in the other. "Are you unwell, Sir, (said he) why do you make such a disturbance so early in the morning, when there is not a person stirring in the city, it is not more than 3 o'clock?" The poor stranger finding no resource but patience, again betook himself to his dark retreat, but at the end of three hours more, racked by hunger and impatience, he could no longer contain himself—he now made more alarm than before, and was again told it was not day. "*Pardieu*, (replied he) day or not day, let me out, I have no relish for such a cursed country as this, where a man may be starved to death before morning." He was accordingly let out, and it being starlight it was some time before he was able to ascertain the full extent of this deception.